

Cat. He will doe all in all as *Hastings* doth.
Buc. Well then no more but this:
Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord *Hastings*, how he stands affected
Vnto our purpose, If he be willing,
Encourage him and shew him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, Icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold deuided counsels,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employed.
Glo. Commend me to Lo. *William*, tell him *Catesby*
His ancient knot of dangerous aduersaries:
To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret* Castle,
And bid my friends for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentle *Mis Shore* one genile kisse the more.
Buc. Good *Catesby* effect this businesse soundly.
Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heede I may.
Glo. Shall wee heere from you *Catesby* ere wee sleepe?
Cat. You shall my Lord. *Exit Catesby.*
Glo. At *Crosby* place, there shall you finde vs both.
Buc. Now my Lord what shall we doe if we perceiue
William Lord *Hastings* will not yeeld to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head man, somewhat we wil' doe,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of mee:
The Earledome of *Herford* and the moouable, shal I
Whereof the King my brother stood posselt.
Buc. Ile claime that promise at your hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yealded with willingnesse,
Come let vs sup betimes, that afterwards
we may digest our complots in some forme. *Exeunt.*
Enter a messenger to Lord *Hastings*.
Mess. What ho my Lord.
Hast. Who knocks at the doore?
Mess. A messenger from the Lord *Stanley*. Enter Lo. *Hast.*
Hast. Whats a clocke?
Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Hast. Cannot thy master sleepe the tedious nights?
Mess. So it should seeme by that I haue to say:

First he commends him to your noble Lordship.
Hast. And then. *Mess.* And then he sends you word,
He dreamt to night, the Boare had cast his helme:
Besides he sayes, there are two counsels held,
And that many be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rewe at the other,
Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speedy post into the North,
To shun the danger that his soule diuines.
Hast. Good fellow goe returne vnto my Lord:
Bid him not feare the separated counsels:
His honour and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other is my seruant *Catesby*:
Where nothing can proceede that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not haue intelligence.
Tell him his feares are shallow wanting instancy.
And for his dreames I wonder he is so fond,
To trust the mockery of vniquiet slumbers.
To flie the Boare before the Boare persues vs,
Were to incence the Boare to follow vs,
And make pursuite where he did meane to chase:
Go bid thy master rise and come to me,
And wee will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the Boare will vse vs kindly.
Mess. My gracious Kord Ile tell him what you say. *Exit.*
Enter *Catesby* to Lord *Hastings*.
Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lord.
Hast. Good morrow *Catesby*: you are early stirring,
What newes, what newes, in this our tottering state?
Cat. it is a reeling world indeede my Lord,
And I beleue twill neuer stand vpright
Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the R elme.
Hast. Who? weare the Garland? doest thou meane the
Cat. I my good Lord. (Crowne?
Hast. Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my shoul-
Ere I will see the crowne so foule misplaste: (ders,
But canst thou gesse that he doth ayme at it?
Cat. Vpon my life my L. and hopes to finde you forward
Vpon